

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Hermit in Italy; or, Observations on the Manners and Customs of Italy; being a Continuation of the Sketches of French Manners. By M. DE JOUY, Author of *L'Hermite en Prison, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825.

MONSIEUR Arouet rendered himself immortal, under the name of Voltaire; and M. Etienne is following the example of his prototype, under the name of De Jouy: this system is not uncommon in France, though we cannot find any better reason for it than Don Quixote had for adding del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea. It is a little vanity, and, in our opinion, unworthy of men of talent, who have no reason to be ashamed of their names, not being even *malsonnant*. M. Mera, we confess, was justified in getting government to let him drop a letter in his original name; and M. Cumon's name is sweeter in the anagram than it was in its original form: we even think M. le Maire d'Eu right, in making all his parishioners say, 'M. le Maire de la ville d'Eu';—but why we should call Arouet, Voltaire, or Etienne, Jouy,—M. Regnault, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, or M. François, François de Neufchatel, we cannot conceive, since it is neither consonant with common sense nor propriety.

Having now dismissed the name, come we to the deeds of M. de Jouy, who is a gentleman that handles the sword and pen equally well. His military feats are not our present purpose; we have to view him as a painter of manners, and in this he has few equals at the present day. He is a man of feeling, devoid of that mawkish sensibility which common writers mistake for feeling and pathos: he may truly be said to 'shoot folly as it flies, and catch the living manners as they rise.' His first embodied effort in this line was the *Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin*, which instantly fixed the author's fame. Its success excited envy; and the Count de Fortia Piles, who, with his brother, the Count de Fortia d'Urbin, write books 'for no body else but themselves to *read*', attacked M. de Jouy, in a work called, *A Letter to the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin*, from the Hermit of the Faubourg St. Honoré: the letter *miscarried*, and M. de Jouy pursued his successful career without molestation. If there be any fault to find with M. de Jouy, it is, that in his pictures the liberals have no vices, and the royalists no virtues; but we understand that his political principles have recently undergone some change, and that he can find some merit in a defender of the altar and the throne; and doubtless the next rambles of his hermit will contain unequivocal evidence of this change

in his political feelings—a change which his translator has very properly made for him in the English edition of the *Hermit in Italy*.

The *Hermit in Italy* contains all those lively touches—those pretty vignettes, if we may so call them, of life and manners, which distinguish his other works, as our readers will perceive by the following extracts. The first we shall select is—

MONT CENIS.

'Long before day-break we were roused from our beds, and found the morning, though it was only in the month of October, excessively cold. It is always so on the north side of the higher Alps. The winter sun rarely penetrates there with its lukewarm rays, and the wind, in all seasons, comes there with a chilliness which it gathers from the glaciers before it descends into the valleys. I could scarcely imagine in what way we were to escape through the mountains which enclosed us on every side. How were we to pass over those lofty ridges, whose peaks were more than two thousand feet in height? Their snowy tops glittered like immense suns, whilst their bases were wrapped in a dark gloom, here and there illumined by a straggling ray of light.'

'If I enter here in greater detail upon a pass which our countrymen, in the days of their glory, have so often marched through, it is because no traveller has hitherto given an exact notion of Mont Cenis. Perhaps this arises from the different impressions which grand objects make, at the first view, upon different minds, or perhaps travellers are so anxious to reach Tuscany, Rome, or Naples, that they entirely neglect Upper Italy. It is too much the nature of man to send, as one may say, his imagination in advance, and to lose the enjoyment of the present, in the anxiety to grasp at the future. My travelling companions were an uninteresting set of persons, who looked upon their journey as a fatiguing business, and were eager to arrive at their destinations. One was bound for Florence, where he expected a situation in the tax-office; another, for Genoa, where he meant to apply for employment in the excise;—two military men, who had been on a furlough in consequence of their wounds, were in terror lest they should arrive at their regiments too late for proceeding with them to join the grand army. The mysterious person of whom I have already spoken, and whose laconic answers filled me with despair, made up, with me, the complement of our vehicle. After passing over several smaller mountains, we arrived at a defile, through which we beheld Mont Cenis, whose summit rose through the clouds which hung around its sides. This was the last that remained to be passed before our

arrival at Turin. The beautiful road which has since been made for heavy carriages did not at that time exist. Ours had been taken to pieces at Lanslebourg, where we were furnished with about twenty mules, to transport us, our baggage, and the pieces of the diligence. Each mule was hung round by five or six tinkling bells: the noise of our caravan may be easily fancied. It was necessary for us to pass the mountain by a rugged path, often running between two abysses of such depth, that the slightest false step of the mule was sure to dash both animal and rider into pieces. Such accidents, however, rarely happen. They place their cautious feet in almost the very same tracks which their predecessors have trodden for ages. The traveller need not hold the bridle, except to steady himself in the saddle. It might be fatal if he attempted to direct the mule, who is much better acquainted than he is with the path. Equally dangerous would it be, if he suffered his terrors to agitate him, when, in turning a sharp angle, he sees the head of the beast over one precipice, and his hinder feet just on the edge of another.'

'We endeavoured by gaiety to dissipate alarm; marching along in files, we made the mountains echo with our songs. The waterfalls, the woods, defiles, and valleys, repeated the cadences. It is surprising that no instances should have occurred of robbers having taken advantage of these passes, rendered so favourable to their purposes by the obscurity of the defiles, and the embarrassments of the traveller. Our march extended into the night, when we were in the middle of the perilous career.'

'In returning from Italy, it is the custom to *ramasser*; that is, to descend the mountain on a sledge. Two persons place themselves on one of these vehicles, drawn by a single mule, with a guide, who steers it with a staff. The sledge glides over the frozen snow with great rapidity. Some prefer to be carried over in a sort of litter. This last mode of conveyance costs each person about twenty-four francs; with a sledge the traveller pays twelve francs; with the mules, the expense is paid by the conducteur, and is charged in the fare. It is said that about six francs each is allowed for this expense.'

'In proportion as we ascended, the severity of the cold increased, to a degree almost intolerable. These wild regions, surrounded by eternal snows, are subject to cold blasts, sudden storms, and frequent avalanches. The latter happen generally in the months of May and June, when the snow begins to melt: they are dangerous, not only to individuals, but likewise to whole villages. The whirlwinds are less rare, and take place in the winter months. They sweep away the snows from the summits and sometimes blind

the traveller. They fill up the gulfs and make them level with the contiguous heights, so that the unwary traveller often loses his life by mistaking the route. On the top of the mountain a cannon has been placed, for the purpose of indicating to travellers the approach of these fearful storms, and to enable them to gain the shelter of the stations which have been constructed in different parts of the road. When the blasts are over, the persons who occupy the canteens wander about in search of any unfortunate travellers who may have lost their way. On Mount St. Bernard, this benevolent duty is performed by sagacious dogs, who are trained up to this duty.

Formerly, it was necessary in travelling this road, to pass through a long grotto; but that gloomy and difficult passage was abandoned for another route, at the distance of a few hundred paces. The old road has since been resumed, and the subterraneous passage greatly enlarged, in order to avoid the sudden wind-storms to which the new one was subject. We continued to ascend for an hour and a half to the summit of Mont Cenis, and the whole party stopped at the Great Cross. By using the word summit, I do not wish to lead the reader into any mistake: it is a summit only in relation to the point of our departure, that is to say, it is the highest part of the whole road. Still it is not more than half way up the mountain, whose sides, peak, and *needles*, ascend to a height nearly equal to that which we had already mounted. Some travellers and scholars have asserted that it was by Mont Cenis that Hannibal entered Italy. This is one of the obscurities of history which can never be cleared up. If, however, it were true, that from the height of the Alps the Carthaginian soldiers beheld the beautiful plains of Italy, all the probabilities would be in favour of Mount Viso, the only one of all the Alps, from Col-de-Tende to the Venetian Alps, which affords a practicable place whence Italy, that is to say Piedmont, could be discerned. At every other place it is impossible to march along the rugged steep outside. Within the mountains it is less difficult to follow the course of the valleys, which, though considerably above the level of the sea, are nevertheless shut out from any extensive prospect by the lofty ledges which surround them.

After a short stay we passed on. I do not envy the people of the Grand Cross their habitation. They consist of a family, and are condemned for nine or ten months of the year to live in the midst of frost, snow, and ice. Although much higher than any parts of France or Italy, yet they lose sight of the sun two or three hours earlier each day. Still, though surrounded by ice, they may, in certain parts of Mont Cenis, behold flowers and butterflies in all seasons. Spots of verdure, hedged round with snow, are not unfrequent, and the lake on one of the platforms of the mountain remains unfrozen for half the year. Those who wish to learn any thing of the natural history of Mont Cenis, should read the erudite works of Messrs. Saussure, Lande, and Bourrit. It is my office, in this voyage of pleasure, to describe only the gay

or sentimental impressions to which reflection sometimes imparts a moral value.

The plain which covers the summit of Mont Cenis is nearly three quarters of a league in length. Here it was that, in the conception of his gigantic plans, Napoleon resolved to construct a town, and the triumphal arch, which he afterwards decreed to the "Grand Army," when victory began to be treacherous. In 1809, Prince Borghese, Governor-General of the Departments beyond the Alps, came with great pomp and ceremony, accompanied by all his court, to lay the first stone of those vast barracks, which were only recently terminated. It is on the plain of Mont Cenis, that we find the hospice of those excellent monks, who have so generously devoted their lives to humanity, and the exercise of all the offices of hospitality. They live there happy in the consciousness of bestowing happiness upon others; they accept no remuneration from the travellers, whom they have treated like brothers; under the inspection of their worthy chief, Dubois, they divide their time between study, the exercise of the kindest duties, and the practice of a religion, which, as they practise it, is without a spark of fanaticism.

At the extremity of the plain, we commence our descent of the southern side of the mountain. The north winds begin to lose their privilege of chilling the powers of the earth and animal life. We contrive to sit upon our saddles with less constraint; our tongues move with greater freedom, and we pour forth our songs with greater glee. But we are still compelled to make our downward path through the mountain mists—above which, the snowy-crested Mont Cenis glitters in the bright sun. At night, we behold, in the distance, a shifting glimmer of lights, which seemed every moment to approach us more nearly. This is one of the practices of the people of this district, which combines a beneficial result with an interested motive. Every night, the inhabitants of the Novalèse, carrying lighted torches, wait for the arrival, not only of caravans, but likewise of solitary travellers, as they descend Mont Cenis, and, for the sake of two or three francs, illuminate their route into the town.

Novalèse is a sombre Piedmontese town, situated in a narrow defile. Having nothing more agreeable to do, we ate, drank, and slept there. The bread here is singular. It is shaped like a ring, slender, crisp, and pleasant to the taste. It is called *gressini*, and Bonaparte was so fond of it, that he ordered it to be sent to him regularly from Turin.

In the course of our next day's travel, before we arrived at Suze, we were struck by the view of the fortification of Brunette, which occupies the height of an isolated mountain. The fortress, which appears quite impregnable, was taken in an assault by the French. The capture of this place appears miraculous, and almost exceeds the power of imagination.

Suze is the first town in Piedmont, and lies nearly at the base of Mont Cenis. It is

said to have been originally founded by a Roman colony, which established itself there when Augustus caused a passage into Dauphiné to be opened. This colony probably intended to carry on an intercourse of trade with the Gauls, for, as to any incentive to settling there, it is difficult to conceive it. The town is ill-built, irregular, and badly paved. The remains are still to be seen there of a triumphal arch, raised by the founders in honour of the Emperor Augustus.

From Suze to Turin, is just forty miles. About half-way, we bid adieu to the mountains, and enter upon the country of plains, where a softer air announces the mildness of the climate. We meet with young Piedmontese girls, in short petticoats, and round felt hats, ornamented with black plumes. The vines are here "married to the elms;" mulberry trees border the roads; the meadows are still green and smiling, although the mowers are cutting the last sproutings of the season.

Rivoli, built on a small hill, is a pleasure-house of the King of Sardinia. This country-seat does not possess the same cast of beauty with those royal residences which are to be met with in the vicinity of Paris. A long, wide, and beautiful road, planted with trees, leads from Rivoli to Turin, a distance of eight miles, with a gentle descent all the way. The plains upon the left are diversified, fertile, and watered by a great number of canals, into which the waters of the river Doire disperse themselves. This plain stretches into Lombardy, and terminates at the gulf of Venice. It was under the influence of all those delightful feelings which the prospect of a beautiful and civilized country excites, that we entered Turin by the gate of Suze, and the Rue de la Doire, which is incontestably the finest street in Europe.

M. Jouy gives an interesting picture of Genoa, from which we have only room, at present, for two short extracts:—

My valet de place had been formerly a domestic to M. Durazzo, the last Doge of the republic, who was named by Napoleon member of the senate. I visited his palace—one of the largest and finest in the city. The entrance is through a magnificent portico, lined with a double row of marble columns. I was struck with the richness of the furniture, the number of saloons, halls, and galleries, decorated in the most profuse way. It was in this palace that the Prince Borghese, with his whole court, resided, during their visit, a few months before, to the capital of the ancient Liguria, the wealthiest city in his province. Napoleon preferred the Doria palace, in order that he might sleep in the chamber which Charles V. had occupied, although the palace was almost abandoned, and scarcely habitable. I was quite dazzled with gazing on the accumulated magnificence of ages, the profusion of white marble from Carrera, and yellow marble from the Sierra Morena. In the days of Genoa's glory, her wealth was ~~so~~ great, that not only was she free from debt, but she drew a revenue of more than thirty millions from her Swiss and Italian territories. I questioned my guide as to what I ought to believe relative to certain proverbs not very

favourable takes this: "A out fish, without hing his sh truth in al service of most disti is better k by its mon are very sh tains are other city well stock do not pa it require it require your gen was well d to reply.'

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his outwa and pret the king te ed, and, w mento was ence, fro advantage est in this of having that she i purest an ing reach she was cares of died. T some of h disprove but Thom caused a and the r Jean Da would ha present, t that of pa stituted f from the state of the slave Every G order, I may not

favourable to the Genoese, such as: "It takes three Jews to make a Genoese;" and this: "A mountain without wood, a sea without fish, women without modesty, and men without honour."—"Ah! sir," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "there is a good deal of truth in all that. So long as I was in the service of M. Durazzo, I used to see all the most distinguished persons of the city, which is better known to me by its inhabitants than by its monuments. I agree that the Genoese are very sharp in business; that the mountains are not covered with trees; that no other city is so dear; that the sea is not very well stocked with fish; and that the ladies do not particularly dislike gallantry. But if it require three Jews to make one Genoese, it requires three Genoese to make one of *your* generals or contractors." The retort was well deserved by me, and I had nothing to reply.'

'At Genoa husbands are not jealous, and the use of *cicisbeos*, now called *patiti*, is universal and immemorial. This usage, which nothing will ever be able to change, has become respectable from its antiquity. I remember to have heard one day a long conversation on this topic, many points of which still remain fixed in my memory. There was formerly a species of *cicisbeo*, called *intendii*, whose disinterested gallantry was not unlike that of the chivalry of the ancient Paladins.'

'An *intendio* was a lover in honour and in virtue; and his mistress was really nothing more than the lady of his thoughts. A lady of the Spinola family, and one of the kings of France, offer a remarkable instance of this platonic affection. When Louis XII. was at Genoa, with his chevaliers, Thomassina Spinola was not insensible to the manly and unaffected beauty and the natural graces of the monarch. His conversation effected what his outward qualities began. She was young and pretty; she very ingenuously besought the king to become her *intendio*: he consented, and, when he quitted Genoa, the *intendimento* was kept up by means of a correspondence, from which the republic derived great advantage. Thomassina took so much interest in this correspondence; she was so proud of having a king of France for her *intendio*, that she in reality began to love him with the purest and strongest passion. A report having reached Genoa of the death of Louis XII., she was much affected, and fell ill. The cares of her friends were useless, and she died. The report had been fabricated by some of her unsuccessful rivals, and was soon disproved by the arrival of letters from Louis: but Thomassina was no more. The republic caused a superb mausoleum to be erected, and the monarch caused his historiographer, Jean Danton, to write the epitaph, which he would have written much better himself. At present, the name of *intendio* is obsolete, and that of *patito* has been very appropriately substituted for that of *cicisbeo*. It is derived from the verb *patisse*, to suffer, and surely no state of suffering can be more complete than the slavery of these amorous followers. Every Genoese has two or more of them, in order, I suppose, that the young aspirants may not be left without some hope.'

Comic Tales and Lyrical Fancies: including the Chessiad, a Mock Heroic, in Five Cantos; and the Wreath of Love, in Four Cantos. By C. DIBDIN, the Younger. 12mo. pp. 253. London, 1825.

WE should as soon think of telling our readers that London is a large metropolis, St. Paul's Cathedral a very fine building, and the Mansion House a very clumsy one, as deem it necessary to state for their information, that the brothers Dibdin are two very clever writers, possessing an immense deal of humour, and displaying an industry and versatility of genius which are rarely combined. To Mr. Charles Dibdin, the gentleman with whose work we have now to deal, the public is indebted for many popular dramatic pieces, performed 'with unbounded applause' at major and minor theatres, and for several thousand songs; many of which, like those of his father, are familiar as household words to all classes of his Majesty's liege subjects, from the Land's End to John o'Groat's. We will not assert that they have been actually translated into the Chinese language, but are well assured many of them have been sung in the celestial empire.

The present volume is ushered to the world with a brief and good-natured preface, in which the author expresses a hope that it is not, like his last work, the novel of 'Isn't it Odd,' published out of season. The comic tales are twenty-three in number, and, though more delicate, will remind the readers of a similar work by Colman. Some of the pieces are spirited versifications of well-known anecdotes, and in others the author has found the humour as well as the muse. From the first part of the work we shall select one or two of the shortest pieces, and first:—

'THE PRACTICAL BULL.—A FACT.
' Monopoly all men unite to deey,
Though practice will often profession belie.
All should share in life's blessings, nor one
stingy elf
Be allow'd to engross the good things to him-
self:
What is mine may be your's if occasion there
be,
And you profit without a privation to me:
An umbrella, in rain, for an instance will do;
Though invested in one, 'twill accommodate
two.
But let us, while moved by this recommenda-
tion,
The fitness regard of appropriation;
Nor lend four feet six, if uncloak'd he should
be,
The great coat of a man rising full six feet
three;
Or, if on a door-plate your name you'd have
shown,
Don't borrow your neighbour's to pass for your
own.
A sailor once died near a desolate strand,
And his messmates resolved, since so close to
the land,
"Earth to earth," like a Christian, his corpse
should be given,
Nor, sew'd up, down the throat of a shark
should be driven.
They row'd him on shore, by two boats' crews
attended,
As good Irish hearts as ere messmate befriended.

They landed: for priest, at their head was
Mich. Rooney;
And gravely they brought to his grave poor Pat
Mooney.

The pray'rs read as well as Mich.'s learning
permitted,
The body of Pat to the ground was committed;
They fill'd up the grave, and a turfo'er it spread,
But thought that some token should stand at
its head:

"A grave-stone," Mich. said, "was a capital
idee,
With an *epithalamium*." (Epitaph, *vide*).

But no stone could they find which the purpose
would suit,
And a trifling occurrence forbade it, to boot;
For a stone had they found, they'd nor genius,
nor tools,

Nor time, to engrave it; so, looking like fools,
And scratching their heads, disappointed and
glum,

On board they resolved to drown sorrow in rum;
When a lucky invention struck one of the
crew:

"I've hit it, my honies," cried Teddy; "'twill
do!"—

By the bye, let me tell you, some ten years be-
fore,

An old bo'son, named North, was interr'd on
this shore;

O'er whose grave a rude *stone* said,
"Here lies Bo'son NORTH;
Who was born, so and so; and who died, and
so forth."

Teddy thought of the bo'son, and thence took
his tone,

"There's old bo'son North on himself has a
stone;

He has been so long dead that what's left of
him's not him,

And no soul that remembers him now but's
forgot him:

Then sarrah the use is the thing to the elf;
And why should he have all the stone to him-
self?

For sailors together should share smooth and
rough,

And the bo'son his *spell* of it's had long enough;
So let's borrow the *loan* of the stone for our
mate,

And the *epithalamium*'s cut ready, all *nate*."

"By the powers, 'tis the thing!" cried, in rap-
ture, Mich. Rooney:

So, "HERE LIES BO'SON NORTH," was placed
over Pat Mooney.'

Pat and Pop, or the Irishman's Dog, is a
clever comic tale of the consequences resulting
from an Irishman purchasing a dog-collar
with another person's name on it; the
other tales display a great deal of genuine
comic humour. The following anecdote and
epigram we quote:—

'ANECDOTE OF DANIEL FRANCIS VOISIN,
Minister of State and Chancellor to Louis XIV.

'WHEN his Chancellor Voisin, once, Louis Four-
teen

A pardon commanded to seal,
For a wretch who for pardon too guilty had
been,

He refus'd; nor his scorn could conceal.
The king snatch'd the seals, and the pardon
impress'd:

Then to Voisin return'd them, the king who
address'd:

"Forgive me, dread sire, if the seals I refuse,—
Such contamination the act must excuse."

Louis, struck by his firmness, could only ad-
mire,

And the pardon instinctively threw in the fire ;
Voisin took back the seals, when 'twas burnt to
a spark,
" Fire purifies every thing"—all his remark.'

' EPIGRAM.—FROM THE FRENCH.

' Two spendthrifts, sons of wealthy cits,
Cramp'd by their sires in cash, one day
Stopp'd at a book-stall, being wits,
But naught there pleas'd 'em—by the way,
The vender knew them (as Fame gathers) ;
" I've not the thing you want," he cried ;
" What is't we want ?" the pair replied :
He—" An abridgment of the fathers."

The Chessiad, a mock-heroic poem, is intended to teach the first principles of the game of chess to the learner, in an amusing manner, through the medium of a burlesque battle, in which the chess characters are, of course, the heroes. It is a poem in five cantos, written with great spirit, in which some well-known passages in Homer's Iliad are very happily parodied. Several imaginary characters are introduced personating games, as hazard, whist, rouge et noir, &c., who are the gods and goddesses of gaming and chance. We shall content ourselves with quoting the opening :—

' Muse, sing of *Chess*, and sing the direful strife
Which urged the sable monarch and his wife,
Niger the moody, Nigra the malign—
To whom their freedom iv'ry blacks resign—
Urge them to war with Blane and Blanche,
the fair,
Who o'er white ivories royal honours share ;
Why to the adverse field with dire array
Went both, death braving for the dubious day,
Or sing or say : and tell the mighty powers,
The *Gods of Game*, who ruled the hostile hours,
Who in the battle lent divided aid,
Impell'd the leaders, or their rashness stay'd—
As erst great Homer sung pantheon'd gods,
Who fought with men, incalculable odds !
When beauteous Helen, in adul'trous freak,
To *Paris* went,—when her anointed Greek
Follow'd, and Ilium fell, ordain'd to prove
The dreadful havoc of illicit love.
But his were fabled gods ; mine now exist,
Demons of pow'r unquestion'd ; and the list,
Ere we the battle sing, proclaim'd shall be,
Of each the name, pow'r, nature, and degie.
But first, O muse, the testy people sing,
From whose dire hate these strains advent'rous
spring.

' In days of yore—what time no bard has
sung,
Or sung with truth—the race call'd *Chessic*
sprung :
From Diomedes some the race derive ;
Some to Palimides the honour give ;
This lived when cried for conquest Philip's
boy,
And that when Priam perish'd with his Troy.
Others suppose their founder (bane or boon)
Dropp'd, thro' some strange volcano, from the
moon ;
Others opine, Prometheus (when his plan
Of manufac'tring and igniting man
With life he first projected, he essay'd
Smaller game first, experiment to aid),
Found a huge tusk some elephant had cast ;
The tusk divided, and its portions class'd
In equal sets ; one set dyed *black*, and then
With skill mechanic form'd the chessic men ;
Next from a moon-beam vivified the breed,
And gave them action, as a sample deed ;

His mind investing with what might be done
When, moulding clay, he pilfer'd from the sun.
Fashion'd and furnish'd thus, the sage design'd
The pigmy tribes as emblems of mankind :
The white the virtuous, and the black the base;
And hence between them endless war has
place.

As two game-cocks of the rough English breed,
Whene'er they meet, instinctively proceed
To vigorous battle, scorning each to yield,
So these ne'er meet but hostile is the field.
Both to the contest loyal bosoms bring,
Reckless of all but safety of their king.
To guard the monarch when alarms perplex,
E'en either *queen*, unmindful of her sex,
Resigns the sceptre for the shield and sword,
And braves all perils to defend her lord.
E'en reverend *bishops* to the field he draws,
With swords, not canons, to defend his cause ;
And Europe's annals will, of old, reveal
A bishop's lawn enveloped by steel.
The bishop falling into foemen's hands,
The papal sire his captive son demands ;
The dual captor, bitter in his jest,
Sent to the Pope the bishop's chain-mail vest,
With this appeal, " Our duty while you note,
Judge if this be thy *peaceful* offspring's coat :"
The jest prevail'd ; the sire, to reason won,
The coat disclaiming, disavow'd his son.'

Notes are added to the Chessiad, explaining the actual moves, which in the text are treated figuratively. The ' Wreath of Love,' another poem, is an allegory, in four cantos, of irregular verse. The ' Lyrical Fancies' consist of songs and short poems on a variety of subjects. Two of these we subjoin :—

' SAILOR'S SONG.
I've thought of it over and over,
The mistress best suiting a tar
Is his country ; and no truer lover
You'll find, if near sailing or far.
For her, braving peril's worst waters,
With life, O, how freely he'll part ;
And then, too, her sweet smiling daughters,
Why, somehow they all have his heart.
' The laurel he gains for her glory ;
What triumph such honour bestows !
But wouldn't it wither in story
If 'twin'd not in beauty's sweet rose ?
For what can such grace and such splendour
As dear British beauty impart ?
Each tar, sink or swim, its defender ;
For, somehow, they all have his heart.'

' LOVE SECRETS.
' I'd carol of Love and the sweet maiden blush,
Of heart-thrilling glances, but prudence cries
" hush !"
For, amorous ditties so numerous prove,
Taste frowns, and cries, sighing, " I'm weary
of Love !"

Only fools make of delicate mysteries pother ;
Soft feelings are sacred and not to be sung,
Only tenderly whisper'd from one heart to
t'other,
While blushes reproach the least slip of the
tongue.

' Love's eye should but answer the beam that
invites it ;
The glance that tells secrets true heart never
won ;
The delicate mind veils the hope that requires
it,
Lest it die, like the fire when expos'd to the
sun.

O, list'ning for ever to amorous ditty
True fondness destroys and makes bashfulness bold ;

' Tis, alone, maudlin passion goes whining for
pity ;
Love, cherish'd by modesty, never grows
cold.

' Dear woman 's the exquisite magnet of na-
ture,
And love is the heart-thrilling homage we
pay ;
But Beauty has not a more delicate feature
Than the caution that Love should, if grate-
ful, display.
That name to the heart which sweet transport
discloses
Too sacred should be for a toast or a tale ;
And the breathings of Love, like the perfumes
of roses,
Are exquisite death, when surchaging the
gale.'

We think our readers will agree with us, when we say, that they must be fastidious indeed, who do not feel abundantly gratified by the perusal of Mr. C. Dibdin's Comic Tales and Lyrical Fancies.

The Picture of Sheffield; or, An Historical and Descriptive View of the Town of Sheffield.

It occurred to us, within a short time, to recur to some memoranda of Sheffield, which gave it much interest in our eyes : this has been, since that time, increased from reading an account of its poets, in the Cambridge Quarterly : and the work we are about to notice adds a charm to ' classic Sheffield,' even independent of the name of Montgomery, which is justly deemed its highest recommendation to strangers.

We were, however, by no means prepared to find so well-written a volume as that before us, in which not only do we read an excellent historic detail of the rise and progress of Sheffield, but of various ancient personages, who, however slightly or frequently touched upon, never fail to preserve their early importance in our eyes. There is, in this portion of the work, an account of the detention and sickness of Cardinal Wolsey at Sheffield Manor, which cannot fail to interest any reader.

The description of the present state of the town—its improvements, corporation, trade, public buildings—of the most remarkable of its inhabitants,—is given with great truth and accuracy ; the account of its singularly-beautiful vicinage, with vigour and elegance ; and the whole style shows the unknown author* to be a man capable of higher employment than that of a mere compiler, although wisely employed as such on the present occasion.

We the more readily notice this work, because we greatly approve the present prevailing taste for local history of this description. Not only are many valuable anecdotes of persons and places thus rescued from oblivion, biography of the great and the good ascertained on sure records, and the causes of commercial wealth or failure clearly pointed out for the consideration of the future statesman and philanthropist, but the spirit

* We have heard that it is a Mr. Ramsay, late proprietor and editor of the Northern Observer.

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of patriotism—the love of home—the pride which cherishes kindly feelings and noble actions towards birth-place, are enkindled and strengthened, and thus a new link is added to our social virtues and our happiness.

The work is of course not calculated for extracts; but we can warmly recommend it to the many emigrants which a commercial town necessarily sends out, as one which cannot fail to afford endearing reminiscences, considerable information, and actual pleasure, not less from style than subject. Recollecting that the London Magazine, in reviewing Peak Scenery (written by Mr. Rhodes, an inhabitant of Sheffield), twice in one sentence terms it the 'little town,' we beg to add that it contains between 60 and 70,000 inhabitants, and is scarcely divided from villages which boast each 2 or 3,000 inhabitants, so that we apprehend it cannot with propriety be termed a *little town*, nor has it been so recognised for some centuries. As a place remarkable for mental cultivation, it is to be hoped the author of this ingenious work will meet with liberal encouragement from the public of Sheffield, who are certainly highly indebted to him.

The Album, No. VII., 8vo.

THE Album, though not destined to take the first rank in periodical literature, was always somewhat of a favourite with us; and it was, therefore, with regret, that we heard it had expired with the sixth number: a seventh number (and that the first of a new volume) has, however, just appeared, containing some clever and well-written articles in polite literature. The first, 'a two-penny, to Mr. Andrews,' the publisher, notices, in a humorous and playful manner, the effect the reported demise of the Album had on the public, in having 'reduced the taste of the belles lettres to absolute starvation. London is at a stand-still; Edinburgh, in a panic; Dublin, out of its wits; and the reading-rooms of Kamschatka, Otaheite, and Seringapatam, have lost all their subscribers.' The writer then recommends the publisher to make known that, although the editor and proprietors have realized a genteel independence by the first six numbers, they mean to go on. 'Advertise it,' he says, 'in all the papers, chalk it on all the walls, and placard it on the backs of all the idle Irishmen you meet.'

The second article, entitled the 'Approaching Golden Age,' is more clever than original; and the author has evidently borrowed more than one hint from the Rambles of Asmodeus, which such of our readers as see the Album will easily detect. The other articles (including some interesting tales) are of a light and amusing character; they are chiefly in prose: there is, however, not a single article in the work that pleases us better than an Anecdotal Essay on the Character and Habits of British Seamen. It is true some parts of it smack of coarseness, but they exhibit some of the most striking traits in the character of an English sailor: an extract will prove this:—

'There is in a true sailor an indescribable dryness and humour, which excites the risibility of landsmen, while Jack is unconscious

that he has caused a smile. "Foretop there," said Captain Bluster, in a rage, to Dick Ridgeway; "either you or I are tailors."—"I served my time to the sea, please your honour," said Dick, and went on doing what he was about in his own way. In the late war, the Ajax and Malta came very near each other—"If you do not put your helm a-port, you will run on board of us," said Capt. O.—"What do they say?" said Capt. B. to one of his forecastle men. "He says what a d—d lubberly set of rascals we all are," replied the sailor, who knew perfectly well what was said, but took that opportunity of "serving out" his captain and officers.

'Sailors have in general a very proper sense of religion, though often strongly tinctured with superstition. They believe in mermaids, ghosts, and goblins; and the story of the devil taking the ship's broker into Mount Stromboli is received by them as fact. They have a great idea of the transmigration of souls, as far as relates to the Simia tribe, many of whom they believe to be captains of Guineamen in a state of punishment. I was assured by a north-sea pilot, in confirmation of his belief in mermaids, that in the great gale of 1702, when so many colliers were lost on the east coast of England, one of the fleet was saved by the kind interference of a mermaid, who hailed her by name in the following prophetic words:—"Sea Adventure! Sea Adventure! clew up all your sails, and let go your sheet anchor:" the prudent master took the warning, and saved his ship. Seamen will never throw a cat overboard; nor whistle, for fear of bringing on a gale—either of these causes having been known to produce the most serious effects. A horseshoe is almost invariably nailed to the foremast, both in the king's and merchant service, to keep away the witches, of whom the Norway breed are supposed to be by far the most mischievous.'

'Most of our sea-stories have been so often told, that a narrator who wishes to amuse his readers is in imminent danger of being charged with plagiarism, from that well-known collector and composer of jokes, Joe Miller. If the following instances of extravagance or folly, or bravery or heroism, have ever been related before, I humbly beg pardon.'

'When the "Golden" Hermione, in the seven years' war, took the Spanish galleon, or galloon, as the sailors call her, the foremastmen shared to the tune of five hundred pounds a piece, a sum which, of course, they concluded could never be expended in the common routine of domestic life. In order to conquer this difficulty, they devised many ingenious methods, such as filling a frying-pan with watches from each fob, and frying them over the galley-fire; subscribing a sum of money to gild the ship's head and carver-work; and it was moreover unanimously resolved, that every man on board should wear a gold-laced hat, and every cocoa-nut was, with all convenient speed, provided with a gold-laced cocked hat, save one—this unhappy wight presented himself to his shipmates with a silver-laced hat. This would not do—the ship was disgraced by such d—d stinginess: "Let's ask the first lieutenant not to

let him come on board." The supposed culprit begged a hearing—Jack loves fair play, silence was obtained, and the delinquent thus pleaded his cause:—"There was'n't a gold-laced hat in the town, so I was forced to take this here; but I made the fellow take the money for a gold-lacer all the same." On these last words reaching the ears of his comrades, he was received on board with universal greeting and acclamation.'

'More recently, we have an instance of Jack Simpson, of the Dreadnought, going to Bath with his "she messmate," and having their names inserted in the journals of the pump-room as new arrivals to drink the waters. On his return, Jack brought back the newspaper with him, and the ship's barber read the article aloud on the main-deck, to the no small merriment of "a crowded house." From the ridiculous, we will give our readers a specimen of the sublime.'

'When Capt. Boscawen was cruising with a single ship in the Bay of Biscay, he was chased, and near being captured by a French squadron. A rope of great consequence, in the position of the wind, was stranded; it was the fore topmast studding-sail tack. A young seaman, who saw the officers anxiously looking at it, without ordering any one out to repair it, seized a stopper, ran aloft, and, at the imminent risk of his life, went out on the boom, and made it fast. Called down on the quarter-deck, the good Captain (afterwards admiral) Boscawen, gently rebuked him for his rashness, and observed, "Had you fallen overboard, I must have hove the ship too, and should probably have been taken in my attempt to save your life." "I hope, sir," said the young Balfour, "your honour would not have considered my life when his majesty's ship was in danger." The excellent captain was delighted and affected at this manly answer. "Say you so, young man—then we do not part." He immediately took him on the quarter-deck, and advanced him in time to the rank of lieutenant. He was companion of the late Sir John Laforey at the famous cutting-out of the Bienfaisant from the harbour of Louisberg, in the island of Cape Breton, and died a yellow admiral; for his friend Boscawen died, "and other Pharaohs were at the A—y who knew not Joseph."

'In that disgraceful affair off Toulon, in 1744, the old-fashioned maxim of keeping the ships in line of battle was obstinately adhered to by Admirals Matthews and Lestock. The combined fleet was drawn up to leeward of ours, and as "their banners flouted the sky and fanned our people cold," Captain Hawke, in the Berwick, of sixty-four guns, beheld, with honest indignation, this cruel wrong to his country, and seeing no prospect of a general action, boldly, and in defiance of orders, quitted his station, and selected the Poder, a Spanish ship of equal force, as his adversary. After a very smart engagement of half an hour, he took her, and had possession. She was retaken, owing to the mismanagement of the two English admirals,—but Hawke's honour was not retaken in her. After the memorable court-martial had decided on the merit of the ad-

mirals, a flag promotion took place, in which the name of Capt. Hawke was passed over. His Majesty King George demanded of his minister why that officer's name was omitted? The reply was, that, in the late trial, it appeared that Capt. Hawke had disobeyed orders by quitting the line to fight the Poder. "What!" said the indignant monarch, "disgrace a man for fighting too much!!! he shall be *my* admiral;" and the royal justice and discernment were rewarded by the defeat of Conflans, in 1759. It is said that his majesty, on hearing the news, pulled off his wig, and kicked it about the palace of Kensington for joy, congratulating himself on having been the instrument of so much good fortune to his country.

Ancient history abounds with instances of contempt for death; and fortunate are they who had a Homer or a Plutarch to commemorate their valour or their fortitude. These virtues are, however, not less common since the introduction of Christianity, although men may have dwindled from the gigantic stature of the Farnese Hercules to that of the Apollo Belvidere. In the battle of Trafalgar, an officer of the — was wounded by a grape-shot entering the abdomen, and the surgeon candidly assured him that he had but a short time to live. The officer desired they would lend him a shirt "to caulk himself with while he made his will." This was furnished, and he stuffed it into his side, delaying the rapid ebb of life while he thus addressed his friend: "You know that my poor mother depends solely on my exertions: take notice how many ships have struck before I die, and mind that she shares for them." In a few minutes after he breathed a pious ejaculation, and gave up his spirit.

We are told by a modern author, that when the Minerve was taken in 1803, one of the seamen had both his legs shattered by a shot. Waiting his turn for amputation, he heard, as he lay in the cockpit, the cheers of his shipmates on deck; and, being told they were occasioned by the ship having got off the shoal, and that she would soon be out of reach of the batteries, he exclaimed, "Then, d—n the legs," and, taking the knife from his pocket, cut the remaining lacerated muscles, and threw the limbs from him. His hopes were, however, blasted; the ship was taken, and he was placed in a boat to go on shore,—but, determined not to outlive his liberty, he slackened his tourniquet, and bled to death. A sailor, in the West Indies, had his leg and thigh carried away by a cannon-ball; after amputation, he desired to speak with his captain, who soon appeared at the side of his hammock. "I am dying, sir," said the wounded man. "Oh, no," said the captain; "we shall have you cured, and sent to Greenwich." "No, no," replied the sailor; "that cannot be; but never mind, sir, I an't a tear'd. Give my clothes to my messmates, and d—n the French." Soon after this he expired. Another poor fellow, in the same ship, in 1808, had been detected in telling a lie: his captain justly reproached him with his fault, and observed, that. "in general, all liars were cowards."

Very shortly after, the man was grievously wounded in boarding an enemy's vessel,—and, as he suffered the knife to pare away the mangled flesh without uttering a groan, he only said, "I wish my captain could see this; I think he would say I am not a coward." His captain had the pleasure of getting him well rewarded for his valour and fortitude.

Some of the anecdotes are not new; but here we may with truth use the declaration of the Jew old clothesmen, and say, they are 'better *as new*'—at least, so far as relates to most of the *original* anecdotes we hear or read. We should not, perhaps, have noticed this work at so great length, but in order, as far as we can, to make known its revival.

Lisbon in the Years 1821, 1822, and 1823.
By MARIANNE BAILLIE. 2 vols. 12mo.
London, 1824.

FROM the time of Lady Wortley Montague to that of Mrs. Baillie, we have been indebted to females for some of our most sprightly volumes of travels. Even Lady Morgan, though superficial in her observations, often incorrect in her details, sometimes indelicate, and always blinded by prejudice, possesses a degree of vivacity and sprightliness of remark which render her France and Italy very readable works.

Mrs. Baillie is already favourably known to the public as a traveller, and her Lisbon is calculated rather to enhance than detract from her literary reputation; with the exception of one or two admirable articles on the subject in Blackwood, her volumes give a better picture of Lisbon than any work we have seen.

Mungo Park, when relating some extraordinary occurrences in his travels, was asked why he did not insert them in his Travels. He replied, that he feared their truth would be questioned, and thus the general authenticity of his narrative be doubted. A somewhat similar feeling, we presume, has restrained Mrs. Baillie, who states that she has curtailed the relation of many circumstances, and omitted others, being of opinion 'that the *whole* truth should not always be spoken.' Without stopping to inquire whether the present is one of those occasions, we shall proceed to make a few extracts from the work, which we shall put in the way of anecdote:—

Salutations. — 'The Portuguese have an amiable custom of saluting every stranger who passes them either in walking or riding—the upper classes bow courteously, and the lower generally exclaim "Viva!" which kind wish is often accompanied by a bright and friendly smile; this is beginning to decline, however, in the near neighbourhood of the metropolis. The peasantry seem remarkably civil in their manner to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility; a muleteer, an almocreve, or a postilion, who happens to meet you in a narrow pass, will almost always take care to annoy you as little as possible; still, I am sorry to add, that in Lisbon they behave by no means so well. The wo-

men now and then ran out of their cottages after us, making friendly signs, and beckoning with the two middle fingers, in a manner peculiar to *all* the Portuguese, of whatever rank; this action simply means to express "How do you do?" some among them know as much English as to *exclaim*, "How do do?" of which acquirement they appear very proud. My little boy excites much

good will from all he passes upon the road; they call out, "Bonito, muito, bonito," (pretty, very pretty!) and frequently attempt to caress him; indeed, I have once or twice been obliged to prevent them from taking him up before them upon their burinhos, as they ride to market. Three or four ancient beggars, clad in weeds of every variety of colour, and with long pastoral staves in their hands, usually spend their time, basking in the sun, upon a low stone wall in front of our hotel; when I mounted my burinho this morning, my boy remained for a few minutes in the house, not being quite ready to join me; upon which these hoary sires inquired, with much appearance of disappointment, "where the little one was?"—I have met with few beggars in this neighbourhood, and those have never been troublesome or impertinent; in Lisbon, however, they swarm about the door of every shop, watching the coming out of the purchaser, whom they have followed thither for the purpose of ascertaining

that he has furnished himself with small change; they then assail him like mosquitos or hornets, and are hardly to be repulsed till they have obtained what they request. The manners of women toward each other are remarkably *caressante*; the servant-girl of the hotel at Buenos Ayres *kissed* my maid upon our first arrival, as a matter of course, and the abigail of a senhora now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ourselves, never meets her that she does not take hold of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon the cheek. The laundress we employ is a Moor; her dark skin and rolling eyes have a striking effect, half veiled in the ample white handkerchief which she has adopted in compliance with the native women in her class: upon being first introduced to me as her employer, I was in bed, and she gravely walked up to me, bowing in a courteous manner, and kissed my hand, saying, in good English, that she should take pleasure in serving my family; this custom is universal: all the servants of the house kiss the hand of the patrona (mistress) after every little absence on either side; and children, in some families, do the same to their parents, even upon quitting them for half an hour, repeating the same ceremony upon their return; there is a sort of patriarchal simplicity and cordiality in this, which is very attaching.'

Convents. — 'A lady, whose visit I returned this morning, had lately taken a ramble in the mountains, to see the celebrated Cork convent, mentioned by every body who has ever resided in the neighbourhood of Cintra. She was shocked at the humidity of the cells appointed for the brotherhood, which rather resemble the lairs of wild beasts, than habitations proper for the abode of human creatures. Speaking the language with fluency,

she entered into conversation with one of the monks, a young man, who appeared out of health and very melancholy. She inquired if he was *dull* in this sequestered and gloomy residence? to which he replied with a sigh, "I am not very happy, certainly!" "Let me intreat you to answer me with candour," pursued his inquisitive visitor; "did you enter this community of your own accord, or were you forced into taking the vows?" "Alas!" said he, "my parents dedicated me to a monastic life when I was in the cradle!" This has been but too common, both in Spain and Portugal. The little victims, when able to walk, are immediately clothed in miniature habits of the order of monks to which they are destined to belong, and which they constantly wear; I myself have seen a little boy (the younger son of a noble family) with the crown of his head shaven, as he was intended for the priesthood. The poor monk of the Cork convent has *now* an opportunity of quitting his austere confinement, if he wishes to do so; but most probably he has never learnt any thing which might be of *use* to him in the world, has acquired habits of indolence which would unfit him from earning a subsistence, and his health is (as the lady described) ruined by the absurd privations imposed upon him, by a perverted idea of religious duty. The brothers of this order are not allowed to eat meat at any time, and they fast often, even from their usual scanty fare; that they do *sometimes* break through so needless a prohibition, is however well known: the same lady, whose talent for cross-questioning was equal to that of a lawyer, inquired of the young man, "whether it was forbidden also for them to *dress* meat?" "No," said he, "nothing is said against our *cooking* meat." "You now and then *dress* it, I suppose?" "Yes, very seldom." "And after it is dressed, what happens then?" "Oh, we—certainly we *do* go a step farther, and *eat* it also; but very rarely, as I have told you before, for it is against our rule, and therefore sinful." So honest a confession surprised as well as pleased his auditress, and doubtless it spoke well for the natural sincerity of the unfortunate recluse. Several nuns have, I am told, availed themselves of the permission now given, to quit their convents, alleging that they had been compelled to assume the veil; but such instances are still rare."

Etiquette.—A lady who called upon me this morning, and who has passed twenty years of her life in this country, related an anecdote of the King, upon his first arrival at Queluz, strikingly characteristic of that tenaciousness of etiquette which sufficiently evinces the *real* state of his feelings, however he may continue to repress their more serious ebullition. Entering one of the state apartments, he observed chairs placed there, which is an unusual circumstance: "What is all this, what is all this!" said he, "how came these chairs here?" To which the attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty, he quickly rejoined, "The Cortes! take them away instantly! no person shall ever use a chair in my pre-

sence!" All the royal family have hitherto been approached on the knee only; and a Portuguese lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me, very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the queen and princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation! When they go abroad, every body, no matter how illustrious their rank (for the first nobility are looked upon by the King as *his servants*), are under the necessity of descending from their carriages or horses, and of humbly saluting them as they pass, to which they seldom return even the slightest inclination of the head."

The Drowsy Confessor.—A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confessional, listening to the peccadinhos of a poor Negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness; the confessor, as she was rather *prolix* in her acknowledgments, took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat of not being observed by any prying or profane eye: the Negress, having finished what she had to say, waited a considerable time in expectation of receiving absolution; but finding that the holy father remained silent, concluded that he was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and, with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew from the grate, and went out of the church. At the same moment, the senhora (somebody), the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country, arrived, took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess her sins to the same worthy auditor: she had hardly begun, when the latter, suddenly awakening from his nap, and concluding the Negress to be still at the grate, commenced, in *his* turn, a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities: nothing could equal the indignation of the senhora; conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most furious manner; venting her wrath at what she called the "infamous" calumnies of the priest, in language too gross to repeat.

Royal Family.—The royal family consists of two sons and four daughters. The king's personal wealth and property are enormous; and no less than six men are said to have been employed at Rio, for the space of three successive days, in packing up his gold, previous to the embarkation: before the new order of affairs took place, he was in possession of *almost every thing* in Lisbon; but, at present, his income is considerably curtailed, so as to leave him at his disposal about 80,000l.

Lent and Holy Week.—The ceremonies of Lent and the Holy Week, although much of the same nature as those in all Catholic countries, have been carried here to an extreme of impious and absurd farce, which, without *seeing*, it is difficult to credit. The processions on every Friday have been very numerous. Among the penitents, was a lady who followed a wooden image of our Sa-

viour, without even the resource of a veil or hood, walking barefooted through all the filth of the streets, exposed to the rude stare of the assembled populace. This penance appears doubly severe, when it is recollected that the paving of the streets is of the very worst description, and the city built upon an everlasting succession of steep hills, to say nothing of the peculiar nature of the dirt collected therein. The other day was enacted the hanging of Judas, and the sacrifice of Abraham, in the open streets. The part of Isaac was performed by a half-naked boy, and Abraham held a long knife in his hand, which he pretended to strike into his back, every moment, for at least a hundred times running: but another boy, dressed in dirty tinselled rags and soiled feathers, with painted wings upon his shoulders, who was meant to be an angel, walked behind the two, holding a red ribbon, one end of which was tied round the murderous weapon; and as often as Abraham set upon poor Isaac, so often did the angel pull back his arm with a dexterous jerk, by which means all mischief was prevented. The king washed the feet of twelve beggars on Holy Thursday. This office used to be performed by the patriarch, but as that personage is now suppressed, the duty devolves upon his majesty. With the exception of the lady to whom I have just alluded, the exhibition of penitents this year was quite insignificant. A very few years ago, an old fidalgo, of *immense consequence*, and who had been guilty of all sorts of enormities, wiped off every sin at once, and afforded a pious triumph to the priesthood, by crawling through the city upon his hands and knees, underneath a cart which conveyed an image of the virgin; when the cart stopped, or he was tired, he reposed himself upon his haunches, sitting always in the attitude of a dog.'

We some weeks ago quoted from this work one or two anecdotes of the filthy and disgusting habits of the Portuguese, and we will not add to the details. That Mrs. Baillie presents an interesting picture of Lisbon cannot be denied, and that it is a correct one, we do not doubt.

A Short Extract from the Life of General Mina. Published by Himself. 8vo. pp. 107. London, 1825.

THE gold mines in South America were discovered about the same time that coal was found in England; and although, at the time, one might appear worthless compared with the other, yet it is certain that, while the one has contributed most essentially to the wealth and power of England, the other has been a leading cause of the ruin of Spain. With a soil rich beyond all neighbouring nations, producing the fruits of the earth almost spontaneously, and with a treasury ~~kept~~ constantly replenished from the New World, the Spaniards became sluggish and inactive, and have degenerated in proportion as other countries have advanced. Governed by a succession of weak or wicked princes, fettered by bigotry and intolerance, and oppressed by arbitrary measures and the odious and cruel inquisition, she seemed

neither to possess a hero or a statesman; and became at length little better than an appanage of France. Even this was not sufficient for the ambition of Bonaparte, who imposed his own brother on Spain as a monarch, and took military possession of the country.

Great Britain, which long and often, single-handed, had contended against the overwhelming power of France, saw the whole Peninsula at the feet of Napoleon: but although the Spaniards were thus humiliated, there were a few men to be found possessing the spirit which once characterized their country, and they determined to resist the power of the foreign invader. Deputies arrived in England, who instantly gave every assistance; British legions were poured into the Peninsula, and although it was long before the Spaniards themselves rendered essential assistance, yet ultimately the French were expelled the country, and the kidnapped imbecile Ferdinand VII. was seated on the throne of his ancestors.

During this war, among the few Spaniards who distinguished themselves, the name of Mina was one of the most conspicuous. Xavier Mina (who since fell in Mexico), a young and enthusiastic native of Navarre, organized a guerilla force, with which he was very successful in attacking and annoying the French, until he was taken prisoner. His uncle, Espoz y Mina, whose brief memoir is now before us, succeeded his nephew in the command, and has since rendered the name still more illustrious; not only in the former war, but in the noble stand he made last year to prevent his country from being again conquered by France.

We need not remind our readers of the attempts to establish a constitutional government in Spain, and of the treacherous conduct of her priest-led king, and several Spanish generals, such as Morillo, O'Donnell, and Ballasteros. General Mina, however, was as patriotic as he was brave: he fought as long as there was the least chance of successful resistance, and then resigned the contest with an honourable capitulation. He is now, with some hundred of his fellow patriots, in this country, many of whom would have perished of want, had not British humanity interfered in their behalf, and raised a subscription for their relief. Of gold and silver General Mina has none, with which to assist his suffering countrymen; but he has written a short extract from his interesting life, the whole profits of which are devoted to their aid. This circumstance would, we are sure, be an additional motive for purchasing copies, were not the interesting nature of the work sufficient. It is this circumstance, as well as a request on the part of the general, which prevents us from quoting so freely from his book as we should otherwise do.

General Mina was born at Idozin, a village of Navarre, on the 17th of June, 1781; his father was a farmer, and he worked at husbandry until the French invasion in 1808, when he entered the army as a soldier, and successively rose to the rank of commander-in-chief of the guerillas of Na-

varre. The general takes a rapid view of his military life; and so active is guerilla warfare, that, in one campaign, he gave battle or sustained an attack in 143 regular or occasional actions, without reckoning small encounters. As a proof of the determined character of General Mina, as well as his bravery, we shall quote his own evidence:

' Among the instances in which, during the war in Spain, the enemy's squares were charged with success, were three squares broken by me, viz that at Placencia, where, notwithstanding the superior number of the enemy, I made 1200 infantry prisoners, and put to the sword the whole of his cavalry: that of Sangüesa, where I charged the column called the *Infernale*, took 900 men prisoners, and followed up the remainder as far as Sós; and that of Lerin and the plains of Lodosa, where, at the head of my cavalry, and, notwithstanding General Barbot was only at the distance of a musket-shot from the field of battle, and that 6000 men more were only three leagues off, I broke several times the square formed by the enemy, who were infantry, and killed or took prisoners a column of 1100 men, of whom only the commander of the column, and two others, escaped.

' The French, rendered furious by the disasters they experienced in Navarre, and by their fruitless attempts to exterminate my troops, having begun a horrible mode of warfare upon me in 1811, hanging and shooting every soldier and officer of mine who fell into their hands, as also the friends of the volunteers who served with me, and carrying off to France a great number of families, I published, on the 14th of December, the same year, a solemn declaration, composed of twenty-three articles, the first of which ran thus:—*In Navarre, a war of extermination, without quarter, is declared against the French army, without distinction of soldiers or chiefs, not excepting the emperor of the French.* And this sort of warfare I carried on for some time, keeping always in the Valley of Roncal a great dépôt of prisoners, so that if the enemy hung or shot one of my officers, I did the same with four of his; if one of my soldiers, I did the same with twenty of his. In this manner I succeeded in terrifying him, and obliged him to propose to me the cessation of so atrocious a system, which was accordingly agreed to.'

In such a warfare Mina was often in great danger. He says:—

' Once, on the 23rd April, 1812, at break of day, having been sold by the Partizan Malcarado, who had previously made his arrangements with General Panetier, and had withdrawn the advanced guard from before Robres, I saw myself surrounded in the town by 1000 infantry and 200 cavalry, and was attacked by five hussars at the very door of the house where I lodged: I defended myself from these latter with the bar of the door, the only weapon I had at hand, while my attendant, Louis Gaston, was saddling my horse; and, mounting immediately, with his assistance, I sallied forth, charged them, followed them up the street, cut off an arm of one of them at one blow, immediately col-

lected some of my men, charged the enemy several times, rescued many of my soldiers and officers who had been made prisoners, and continued the contest for more than three quarters of an hour, in order that the remainder might escape. This Louis Gaston I always retain about my person as a friend. The next day I caused Malcarado and his attendant to be shot; while three alcaldes and a parish priest, likewise concerned in the plot, were hanging.'

We shall not make any further extracts, for the reasons we have stated; but we recommend the volume in the strongest terms to the public, since to purchase it is not only to possess a work highly interesting, and worth more than the money, but it is serving the cause of humanity, and giving a mite to relieve those who have suffered in a cause which every Briton holds so sacred—that of liberty!

Analysis of the London Ball-Room, in which is comprised the History of the Polite Art, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 159. London, 1824.

WE should do a manifest injustice to Terpsichore and her myriads of votaries, if we suffered one quarter's moon to elapse without noticing the *Analysis of the London Ball-Room*, which contains a good history of dancing, the etiquette of the ball-room, observations on country dances, quadrilles, and waltzes, and a collection of, we believe, about sixty dances, with directions, and the music very neatly printed. If, after our notice of this work, any citizen's wife or daughter blunders in a country dance, quadrille, or waltz, at the City of London Tavern, the Lord Mayor's Easter ball, or elsewhere, we shall deem the crime not only unpardonable in itself, but an act of wilful contumacy against the author and ourselves—to say nothing of the worthy publisher, of the city palace.

Winter-Evening Pastimes; or, the Merry-Maker's Companion. By RACHEL REVEL, Spinster. 12mo. pp. 185. London, 1824.

IF, after completing such a collection of evening sports as Miss Rachel Revel here presents us with, she remains a spinster next Christmas we shall say the age of chivalry is gone. Until we saw the present volume, we confess we were not acquainted with one tenth part of the pastimes with which young people—and old ones, if of a merry disposition—may beguile a winter's evening; there is something quite taking in the very name of the amusements, which sets curiosity on the edge. Who would not like to know in what the pastime of 'All my eye' consists, or would hesitate to play at the game of 'Kiss the person you love best, without disclosing the secret.' Then there are the Twelfth-Night characters—no less than one hundred and forty-two in number; why, really, had the work reached us in time, we would almost have had engravings made from them, and published a supplementary number in the middle of the week, to anticipate Twelfth Night: as it is, we can only recommend Miss Revel's little work to all who are fond of innocent amusement.

A Universal Historical Dictionary. By GEORGE CRABB, author of the Universal Technological Dictionary, &c. Part I. 4to. with Plates.

Or the utility of works of this description there can, we apprehend, be but one opinion; and the want of one on the plan of this Historical Dictionary must long have been felt by every one who seeks for ready information respecting names, that he would search for in vain in the most copious biographical work. So comprehensive is the plan of the present work, that it will embrace several thousands of names, that it would be impossible to find in any other work of reference in our own language; and, in order to satisfy ourselves as to its copiousness, we looked for and found several which we certainly did not expect to meet with. It would be most unjust and absurd to suppose that a work embracing such an immense number of articles can supply any biographical details respecting the various individuals; nor will any one think of consulting it for such a purpose, but will rather turn to it to satisfy himself respecting dates, &c., connected with well-known names, or to obtain ready information respecting persons and places that he would in vain look for elsewhere. Nor is it only in the departments of history, biography, and geography, that this dictionary is peculiarly rich: it contains also a great deal of information relative to heraldry, and the history of English families,—to numismatics and antiquities, with frequent illustrations by wood-cuts. We hesitate not to say, that it is a work that ought to be, and we dare say will be, found in every well-furnished library: nor do we doubt but that it will acquire for the author no ordinary reputation for ability, industry, and research.

The Provincial Magazine and Review, No. I. pp. 112. Leeds and London, 1825.

It is not very usual with us to notice periodicals, for two reasons: first, because they are so numerous, that a very brief notice of them would occupy a large portion of our pages; and, secondly, because all that are worth knowing are generally pretty familiar to the public. We are, however, induced to go out of our way on the present occasion, because we would not suffer so creditable an attempt as that of establishing a magazine in a manufacturing town, remote from the metropolis, to pass unnoticed. This has been frequently attempted without success. Some years ago, there was a Salopian Magazine, published at Shrewsbury, of considerable merit, but we believe the oldest of the provincial magazines is one published at Sherborne, under the title of *The Weekly Entertainer*. It was commenced by Mr. Goadley, in the year 1773, and continued, under the title of *The Weekly Miscellany*, until 1783, when it was changed to *The Weekly Entertainer*.

The Provincial Magazine contains several well-written articles, principally of a light nature, and is, we think, fully equal, in point of merit (though the editor need not thank us for the compliment), to the first number of the much-boasted new series of *The London*

Magazine. We advise the editor of *The Provincial Magazine* to get a better paper in future, for he does himself a manifest injustice by printing on such thin paper as is used in the first number. A little more attention to correctness in the printing is also advisable.

The Voyages of Captain Cook round the World. With a Map, a Portrait, and a Memoir of his Life. 12mo. p. 637. London, 1824.

At a time when the spirit of geographical discovery is so prevalent and so liberally encouraged by the British government, public attention almost involuntarily turns to the voyages of Capt. Cook, the greatest navigator the world has produced; we say this advisedly, and without forgetting Columbus.

The collection of Cook's voyages before us is necessarily abridged, for, cheap as literature is, we cannot expect a work which was published at a few guineas, should now be sold for a few shillings. The abridgment, however, consists in stripping them of much of their technicality, and omitting such details as are least interesting; to us, however, on a cursory perusal, it appears that the third and most important voyage is given almost entire.

The work is embellished with twenty-seven wood engravings, and a portrait of Capt. Cook, and is the most complete edition of the voyages of this great circumnavigator we have seen, at any thing like the price.

ORIGINAL.

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Disposed at all times to contribute to the interest and variety of your columns, I transmit to you herewith some sketches of American peculiarities, written in 1822, which, applying particularly to the southern districts of the United States, I assure you are not exaggerated.

Military Muster.—I arrived in this quarter of the United States in time to witness one of those grotesque exhibitions which are called, in this country, 'county musters.' Every state is subdivided into counties, the male population of which, within certain ages, must assemble once or oftener, in the course of the year, at the county town. They are required to appear with a musket; but the substitution of a fowling-piece is connived at, with a common powder-horn for a cartouch-box. Many being too poor to provide themselves even with these scanty accoutrements, carry, in place of a firelock, a large bludgeon, or the handle of a hoe, or a member of some other broken agricultural instrument. This strange incongruous group, when I first saw it, bore a strong resemblance to one of those mobs of the populace who collect in St. Giles's, in London, hot from their Bacchanalian revels, on a Sunday evening, for purposes of mischief or riot. About noon, the superior officer, or general as he is termed, was seen on horseback, rapidly skirting the plain on which we were met. The only article of uniform he wore was a cocked hat

the glittering lace on which oddly contrasted with an old brown coat and a pair of calimaneo pantaloons, and having a lofty white plume stuck in front of it, which waved in long vibrations as he galloped towards the centre of the ground. The hoarse twang of a cracked bugle announced his arrival; and then commenced the irresistibly-ludicrous attempt to reduce the rude chaotic mass who acknowledged his authority, to something like military order. The object of the officers seemed to be to form a line: no other evolution was attempted; and, to say the truth, this manœuvre, simple as it may appear, was more than they were well able to accomplish. No sooner had they succeeded at one point, than the rabble they commanded had, at another, relapsed into their natural element of confusion. In this fruitless and unprofitable manner, the day was almost exhausted, when, after incredible exertions, the straight line being as nearly attained as a figure in the shape of a parabola admitted of, the general dismissed his apt and docile troops with an harangue, in which he praised the alacrity with which they obeyed the summons to assemble, but was judiciously silent respecting their conduct or merits in the field.

State of Society.—As to society, it would be unreasonable to expect much refinement, where the opportunities of improvement are so circumscribed: but, admitting it were otherwise, I am not sure that a corresponding disposition generally exists. I do not mean to insinuate the most distant reflection on gentlemen engaged in commerce, for devoting the better part, or, if necessary, the whole of their time, to the avocations of business; but here a very short period in the course of a day is sufficient to discharge all professional duties; and common sense, or that vanity which is peculiar to us all, should suggest to them the desirableness of dedicating the hours they can spare from the desk or the counting-house to the pursuit of those literary or scientific attainments by which wealth is every where ennobled. I remark with regret, that such a spirit seems to animate but comparatively a very few of the inhabitants of these districts: in place of study, the greater proportion of their leisure is wasted in balancing a chair, in smoking a cigar, in sleeping on a sofa, or in frivolous and insipid amusements;—yet these are the individuals who may be sent to the general assemblies, or perhaps to congress, to legislate on some of the most important questions that can be submitted to human decision. There cannot be a better illustration of the policy of those restrictions which in England limit the right or the power to participate in the national councils, to those who, by their extensive property, their liberal education, and their superior acquirements, are necessarily the best qualified to deliberate with effect on whatever can promote her internal prosperity or her external glory. Away with all those idle plans of reform which have been, and I presume still are, industriously propagated throughout the kingdom! There was a time when I myself, with many others, might, in the thoughtless enthusiasm of youth,

have seen something to admire in these fascinating theories or delusions; but, if time and reflection had not altered my opinion on the subject, the example of this country must have convinced me of their danger; and I may be permitted to add, that nothing can be more meritorious than the manly and consistent stand our government has uniformly made against doctrines which, however plausible in speculation, can never be practically adopted, without leading to boundless anarchy or confusion.

Washington's Birth-day.—Far be it from me, in speaking with this freedom of certain peculiarities characteristic of this part of the United States, to intend the slightest disparagement of the people or institutions of this country:—and I shall now very briefly commemorate the events of a day, being nothing less than the anniversary of the birth-day of Washington. The morning was ushered in by that jingling of bells which generally intimates the approach of a dust-cart on the streets of London; and, in the course of the forenoon, the inhabitants repaired to a church, not certainly the most appropriate place for angry discussion,—to hear an oration delivered by a gentleman who generally volunteers his services on this annual occasion. The declaration of American independence was his text, but, like many other preachers, he very soon lost sight of it. He was happy in touching on every subject not connected with the occasion, and in avoiding every topic which it would have been seasonable to enforce. As Great Britain is honoured, in these invectives, with peculiar notice, she was inveighed against, by this declaimer, with little dignity or moderation. In the outrageous violence of his abuse, it was difficult to discover the precise misconduct, on her part, which was so vehemently condemned; but I collected, from some of the individuals around me, who understood him better than I did, that what moved the passions of the orator to so exalted a pitch was the apathy evinced by the English ministry, in reference to the existing struggle of the Greeks to rescue themselves from Turkish oppression. According to this wise politician, we should have impetuously rushed with our fleets and armies, and committed ourselves in the war, before we were well aware either of its object or its cause. It seems that all our generous sacrifices, in delivering Europe from the arms or the influence of Bonaparte, are of no moment or merit, so long as Greece writhes under the odious dominion of the Porte. With deference, however, to this candid critic, I would suggest that, considering how tamely the United States submitted to the accumulated insults of the most daring despot of modern times, it might not be an unacceptable mode of redeeming their credit with the world, to undertake the glorious task of Grecian emancipation.

But to return to my subject—In the evening there was a public ball. The room was decorated with several emblematical devices, and the attendance was numerous rather than respectable. Among the strangers present was the governor of the state, who was

more remarkable for his magnitude than any other attribute. I observed that the ladies danced in rotation. Each of them had a number, which, on being called by a person who acted as master of ceremonies, the individual to whom it belonged appeared on the floor. This arrangement, though singular, was not without its utility; but the performance of the gentlemen was not regulated by any similar law. The music was most barbarous. It consisted of a violin, drum, and triangle, played upon by three Negroes—the drum being used, I presume, to soften the tone of the violin, and the triangle to give variation to the drum. They performed not in harmony but in discord, and perplexed rather than assisted the motions of the dancers. Upon the whole, this piece of pantomime was managed with tolerable order, considering the ill-compounded materials of which it was composed. The equality inseparable from republican institutions precludes all selection or exclusion; and nothing can be more repugnant to our aristocratic prejudices than to see, as on the occasion in question, the very first magistrate of a state compelled to stoop to the degradation of participating in all that boisterous mirth or coarse enjoyment in which the vulgar part of every community, wherever they are admitted, are certain to indulge.

Commerce.—With regard to commerce in this section of the United States, it appears to be altogether of a retail description; and as, of all professional people, the merchants, I believe, are every where most disposed to complain, those in this part of the world console themselves under the real or fancied depression of the moment, by anticipating some revival from the expected restoration of trade betwixt this country and our West India possessions. To such an event, I presume, the British shipowners can have no objection; but I understand it is intended at the same time to qualify, if not to dissolve, our colonial monopoly. I know how much the mercantile bias of the present day tends to unlimited freedom, but I doubt if the measure referred to can be adopted without repealing a fundamental provision of the Navigation Act. It has been justly observed by Adam Smith, that 'wealth is of less importance than safety to a nation'; and it is obvious, that it was the object of that clause of the Navigation Act which compels the produce of our colonies to be brought, in the first instance, to the mother country, in British bottoms, to establish a nursery for seamen, whence our navy could be perpetually supplied. It was the commercial rivalry of Holland which originally suggested the adoption of the Navigation Act, and the naval ambition of the United States requires us to maintain it. There is, fortunately, no probability of England and America being soon again engaged in hostilities; but, perhaps, the best mode of repressing the martial predilections of this aspiring republic, is to abandon no part of that system which our ancestors considered indispensable for our security and greatness. Like the Indian warrior, who sleeps upon his battle-axe, our conduct in peace should be governed by a provident regard to the necessities of war:

and if it be true that the empire of the ocean cannot be divided, we should neglect no precaution which is calculated to preserve that maritime supremacy we have hitherto exercised, not merely for our own benefit, but for the general advantage of the whole civilized world.

VIATOR.

THE STEAM-PACKET.

I HAD just time to devote a night, and an hour or two on the following morning, to scenes worth witnessing in the noble town of Liverpool, when my wandering disposition led me at noon on board that fine steam-packet, the St. George, whose signal was flying from the mast, announcing her immediate departure for Ireland. The day was remarkably attractive: it was one of those cheerful skies which smile, as it were, on all beneath, and impart, in a wonderful degree, that serenity and peace on the minds of us sublunary beings, which is so strongly pictured on them. There was a fine breeze, just enough to form an agreeable curl on the Mersey, blowing from the south-west; 'the very wind,' said I, 'for wafting us to old Erin, and keeping us at a respectful distance from those bold promontories and hidden rocks, which, for nearly half the passage, render the voyage by no means a safe one.'

My mind, therefore, which had been wavering in a sort of disagreeable doubt, as to whether I should go or remain, was made up at once, by the seductive combination before me, to the more valiant part of the dispute; and, taking my small portmanteau from the hands of the boatman, I leapt on board. I had scarcely time to ask myself whether I was really in earnest on the matter, before an authoritative voice, from a smart figure, clad in a blue frock surtout, on the more elevated part of the quarter-deck, exclaimed, 'let go the engine, and off to Holyhead,' when all its tremendous machinery of one hundred and ten horse power was moved with the celerity of clock-work, and bore away the bulky, but elegant St. George, at a rapid rate out of the harbour. Her yards were unfurled to collect the auspicious breeze, and lend their aid to the more powerful impetus of the engine. On closer examination of the quality of animal matter on board, I found myself one of a most heterogeneous mixture, — a complete modern Noah's ark in that particular. On the quarter-deck were strutting, in all the gaiety which fashion, health, and colour could impart, beaux and belles, men of war, and men of peace; lower down, were abundantly crowded together the hardy, though luckless, sons of the emerald isle, with a plentiful intermixture of women and children, and horses, and carriages, and dogs, and gigs. In the cabin, I found elegant sofas, capacious bed-rooms, an amusing library, backgammon boards, and cards. On one side of the deck, my nostrils were assailed with the multifarious perfumes of a well-stored kitchen; and, on peeping through a small casement into this *sanctum* of good living, I beheld the grisly head of black cookey, who, being naturally accustomed to a warm atmosphere, was quite at home in this vapour-bath of gravies, which

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to more dense lungs would speedily prove a *quietus*. He was bustling about, as cool as a cucumber, over a dozen different dishes of stews, soups, joints, and puddings, all admirably arranged in a small compass, on a well-constructed steam-furnace, to suit the economy of the place: which were, in due season, to form the dinner of our adventurous cabin passengers. By this time we had made considerable progress, and, on turning my eyes to the left, the varied mountains of Wales lay stretched before me, rugged and uninviting in aspect, as if to caution mariners against too near an approach. My fellow-voyagers formed a very pleasant fraternity; and Neptune was in such good humour, that we fresh-water sailors smoked our cigars with impunity, and began, verily, to think ourselves not unworthy of being ranked among his hardy sons! The hours flew swiftly on pleasure's wings, and at four o'clock we sat down, to put my black friend's culinary skill to the test; all but a delicate lady or two, who had already paid that tribute to the sea which it so pertinaciously exacts from its novel votaries, did ample justice to his taste. The saline atmosphere had, in some measure, whetted our abilities in that line, in addition to which there was a sort of vying emulation, as to who should show himself the best seaman, by the most profuse eating. A plentiful libation of *mountain dew* finished the repast, and we were still enjoying that palatable beverage, when a few more powerful lurches of the ship than we had yet experienced reminded us that we were not upon land.

One of those gales, not unfrequent at this season, began to collect, and gathered force with the approaching darkness,—the winds swept hollowly over the 'vasty deep,'—the masts and the shrouds crackled,—the vessel heaved with violence,—and the turbulent waves began to hold a violent contention with its mighty wheels; the metamorphosis of countenances was wonderful, and the progress from smiles and chat to pale despondency and silence, to any but a suffering spectator, would have formed a most amusing exhibition. Our stomachs, as if in revenge for the severe duty we had imposed on them, shewed a most rebellious spirit, and caused a speedy emigration of their contents. Some of the party wisely retired to their couches, while I, with others, desirous of postponing the evil moment, ventured upon deck, and tried, in the open air, to apply a remedy; but even this consolation was not long allowed us. The storm increased, the sails were reefed, and the heavy waves, which, ever and anon, broke over our deck, rendered that situation not only uncomfortable but unsafe.

The ship at this time presented a strange—an appalling spectacle. In her centre rose the huge iron chimney, equalling a full-grown oak in thickness; its summit pouring out, like a limited volcano, volumes of flame and smoke; beneath, as if in the very body of the waters, were four glaring fires, which sweating, dirty, and swearing men, like so many gigantic imps, were incessantly supplying with fuel.—Nothing in the distance

met the eye but pitchy darkness, except the revolving light-houses of Holyhead, and the Skerries, looking like twinkling stars in the black firmament.

I would have given a good deal, at that moment, to have been in my snug cottage at H—. We were just entering the Channel; and, although the more dangerous part of the voyage had passed, we had a long night and a violent wind, and a mountainous sea to traverse. The deck was no longer a fit place for me;—I was sickened with the shouting and the hurried steps of the sailors, the rolling of the stores, and the uncourteous salutes which I was perpetually receiving from the restless ocean. Put me once more in old England, thought I, as I stretched my jaded limbs on my unquiet birth, and I will never allow a mad-brained curiosity again to place me in such a jeopardy as this. All night long was I tormenting myself with comparisons betwixt a snug bed on shore and the miserable purgatory I was now enduring—'Oh! taste, taste,' said I, 'what an unaccountable being art thou! Happier should I be in pursuing the calling of a hardy husbandman, than in holding the station of our little commodore.' But such reflections were all in vain. The hours seemed, with a most provoking prolongation, to be endless. The eagerness of a lover for the approach of that moment which is to give him for ever the fair object of his adoration is a mere feeling of indifference with what I felt for the approach of day. The very stroke of the bell, as it announced the lapse of time, was a period of unendurable tediousness. At length my miseries received an alleviation. The doubtful light of morning came. I rushed upon deck, and inhaled the grateful breeze, which had now abated in some degree, as the best and most valued gift in heaven. In the hazy distance were observable the numerous light-houses which announced our approach to Dublin Harbour. The rise of the sun soon gave us a more distinct view of the glorious prospect before us. 'Hail! northern Naples,' I exclaimed, as the matchless bay became more perceptive, 'at all times beautiful, thou art to me, after what I have undergone, unrivalled. Welcome, Ireland! now doubly endeared, for the care and anxiety and trouble which I have endured to behold thee!'

ALOST.

A HINT TO DENTISTS.

'A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet:' notwithstanding, however, this poetical axiom of Shakspeare, it is certain that, as the world goes at present, many persons and things would lose half their consequence and importance, were it not for the high-sounding names by which they are designated. This is a truth which few persons, at the present day, will attempt to controvert; nor are those who speculate on the pockets of the public the last to appreciate justly the value of a *good name*. The term tooth-drawer would be horribly vulgar; even that of dentist is becoming somewhat trite and common; and we therefore humbly suggest to the profession the adoption of one more classical and

unintelligible to the cockneys—consequently, far more taking with them.

By an announcement in the *Moniteur*, we perceive that a M. Marmont has published a poem under the singular title of *L'Odontotechnie, ou l'Art du Dentiste*. What an extraordinary subject for four cantos of verse! We are aware that poets have occasionally selected themes that would have driven Apollo himself to despair: an Italian writer, named Moya, composed a poem on Digestion; and Zucchirol and Bonafide both sung the Inoculation for the Small-pox; nevertheless, we should have as soon expected a bard to deliver rules for Macadamization in verse, as those of teeth-drawing. Warren, or his customers, must be very great admirers of poetry, considering the exquisite effusions on the virtues of jet blacking with which the newspapers teem; Bish was also, at one period, we believe, 'smitten with the charm of sacred verse'; but then what are their brief compositions compared with four entire cantos? Brevity, indeed, is the soul of wit; yet their productions are, at the best, but like so many drops of otto of roses, compared with Heliicon itself. Our Gallic neighbours have a magnificence and richness, in matters of this kind, wherein they altogether excel us. And then what a sonorous imposing term is that of Odontotechnia! Verily, we should not be surprised were it immediately adopted by our cockney dentists, who will most assuredly find their account in introducing it into their advertisements; first, because it will certainly attract all those who like to be humbugged by words they do not understand—of whom, in this enlightened age, the number is by no means small; and secondly, because it will break the teeth of many who attempt to pronounce it, which will be so much the better for Messieurs the Odontotechnists.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARIAN.

O! WERE my Marian yon young pine,
Within sweet Seaton's garden-ground,
And I an ivy to entwine
That stately tree my tendrils round,
There, shadowing the sun-warmed soil,
In fond affection we would grow,
O! then might tempest, time, nor toil,
Have power to part, or lay us low!

O! were my love yon wild rose fair,
That blushes on Balgownie's brae,
Whose silk flower scents the enamoured air,
And I the lofty lord of day,—
How mindful would my rising ray
Attend the odorous opening bloom,
And kindly nurse it through the day,
'Till chased by envious evening's gloom.

O! were my love yon green sweet brier,
That grows on Grandholm's lowly lawn,
Where bud and bird charm eye and ear,
And I the breath of dewy dawn,—
How I would breathe, at new-born day,
In whispered words, each dear desire,
Well pleased around its bower to play,
Then with impassioned sighs expire!

How happy I a cup to be
Laid down by Powis' fountain brink,
And she, my love,—and only she,
With me the cold clear spring to drink.

O! how unspeakable my bliss,
The bliss so tender and so true,
As me her smiling lips would kiss—
The luscious lips of cherry hue!
O! that I were Don's shining stream,
That winds its way with merry din,
My love oft 'neath the noon tide beam,
A Naiad nymph, to wade therein,—
How my fond flood would love to lave
Her soft-shaped limbs so lily white,
And kiss the little feet that gave
My crystal current such delight!
In yon secluded hermitage*,
Anent St. Machar's † ancient aisle,
Weaned from the world, were I a sage
That dwelt within that peaceful pile,
A life so pious and so pure
I'd lead, that I might after death
Thy sweet society secure,
Through godly grace and holy faith.
Had fate but fixed our happy home
In the dark den of Rubislaw,
And many were our years to come
Within its wild wood's silent shaw,—
O! then, retired from stir and strife,
Its barks would bloom a bower of bliss,
While all our wishes would be—life;
Our hopes on high—a heaven like this!
But O! still rather that I were
The lord of B—t's pleasant place,
My love the lady sharing there,
My home—my heart—my happiness!
Then our's would be that blissful love—
That purest passion only given
The beings who abide above,
The saints and seraphims in heaven!

IMLAH.

REMINISCENCE.
As vesper winds
Press the wave into the ocean's cheek
In golden calm,
So tenderness will break,
When love's emotions speak
The honey-balm
That heals the fancy which it binds.

* The cathedral church of old Aberdeen.
† The hermitage alluded to here is no fabric of poetic fancy, but of more substantial stuff—brick, stone, and timber. It was built, I believe, by a late eccentric, but otherwise excellent character. It is pleasantly situate on a gentle eminence, partly overlooking the trees with which it is surrounded, and, from its octagon walls, bending roof, and the gilded crescent that gleams on its pinnacle, it rather wears an oriental aspect. The knowledge of what assuredly was the object of it I could never obtain, but, when a school-boy, I have heard it averred by older folks than my associates, that any one who would have consented to be confined in it for the space of seven years, totally excluded from the sight of a human visage and the sound of a human voice, and during that period not to cut the hairs of his head nor the nails of his fingers or toes, would have had this lonely dwelling and its lovely domains as a reward for his penance and patience. Care was to have been taken that, in the conveyance of his daily victuals, no communication could have been made with his fellow creatures. I never understood that any one ever attempted to gratify the whim of the proprietor and the worldly wish of possessing it; but whether it ever had an inhabitant or not, it is known in the neighbourhood by no other name than the Hermitage.

As birds' wings make
Shades on the sun-ground when they fly
In swift career,
So memories, when I sigh,
Are darkly dear
For past joys' recollection sake.
O! hast thou not
Perceiv'd the lily catch the beam
Of day's depart?
Thy 'farewell!' on the sea's wide stream
So chills my heart,
I fade in night's cold death,—forgot!
ELLEN MARIA.

A VALENTINE.

THOUGH I perchance may see thee not
On that auspicious day
When birds their willing hearts unite,
To show mankind the way,
I welcome thee, and wish as much
That joy may wait on thee,
As though our glances met, and thou
On me look'd smilingly.
I trust the morning may be fair,
And beautiful as thou—
That no dark cloud its tears may cast
On nature's lovely brow;
I would not that the frailest mist
Should spot the pale blue sky—
I would not that the lightest breeze
On such a morn should sigh.
For these, alas! to those who love,
Presentiments impart
Of hopes that fade, and thoughts that press
Like ruin on the heart.
But let not such forbodings thrill
That gentle breast of thine,
But keep as faithful to thy vows
As I will keep to mine.

WILFORD.

FINE ARTS.

Histoire de la Peinture en Italie; depuis la Renaissance des Beaux Arts jusqu'à la Fin du 18 Siècle. Par L'ABBE LANZI. Traduit par MAD. ARMANDE DIEUDÉ.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous volumes that had been previously written on the subject of painting, such a work as that of Lanzi was by no means superfluous. Its object was to give a complete and connected history of the art, of the various schools and masters, which might be perused with more pleasure, and with more profit also, than works that, valuable as they undoubtedly are, from the biographical and historical details they supply, are rather to be considered as books of reference, or mere annals, than as designed to afford a consecutive view of the different eras of painting in Italy. The undertaking was certainly a laborious one,—one that demanded industry and perseverance, and both taste and zeal: nor was Lanzi deficient in these qualities; and he has too imparted the graces of style to his composition, and, as far as possible, avoided the monotony almost inseparable from his subject. His arrangement is excellent, for, making the great masters of each school his prominent figures, and analysing their merits with scrupulous exactness, he contents himself with noticing more briefly their pupils and successors, and with pointing out how far they fall short of, or deviate from, their illustrious guides. By this means,

the reader can contemplate each group, without fatigue or embarrassment; and he is, moreover, from time to time, relieved by the manner in which the author elucidates the various changes in taste and style, which have taken place, and the causes which have led to the decay of the art in that country where it once reached a degree of perfection never since attained. It must be confessed, however, that the author occasionally indulges too much in minute details, and notices names which have less interest for foreigners than for his own countrymen. Still his work is one that will ever be perused with interest and profit, not only by artists and men of letters, but by the general reader of cultivated taste. The translation, therefore, of it into French, must be considered as very desirable, since it will thus become accessible to a great many persons in this country, who are unacquainted with the Italian language;—indeed, we should suppose, nearly to all who are interested in the subject; and the elegance and fidelity with which Mad. Dieudé has executed her task, will leave them little cause to regret that they are unable to peruse the original. We remember to have seen in the Magazine of the Fine Arts, published in 1821, proposals for a translation of Lanzi's *Storia Pittorica*, into English, but presume that the design was abandoned for want of encouragement.

Before closing this notice, it may not be improper to observe that the work contains much information relative to other arts, connected with that of painting, such as some curious details concerning painted glass, &c., and a very interesting account of the origin and progress of engraving on both wood and copper.

M. EUGENE DEGOTY.

THIS artist, who is recently dead, was scene-painter at the Opera House at Paris, where, during forty years, he produced some of the most splendid scenery ever exhibited in any theatre. In that branch of painting which he professed, he was perhaps superior to all his contemporaries. The taste and grandeur which distinguished many of his compositions render it a subject of regret that they should, from their very nature, be destined to oblivion. In this respect the fate of the scene-painter too closely resembles that of the actor: however admirable either may be, he can be appreciated only by his immediate contemporaries; to posterity he will be known hardly by name. In painting for the stage, there is little to stimulate the artist, beyond pecuniary emolument and a momentary approbation. It were to be wished, therefore, that the superior productions of this class should be occasionally rescued from total oblivion by the graver; which is certainly often employed on far less interesting and less valuable subjects.

M. Degoty has left some able pupils, among whom are M. Ciceri and M. Dauguerre, the former of whom is a most admirable scene-painter, and the latter, one of the painters of the Diorama.

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BRITISH
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Mr. C terly deli tures of that we a nautical without h

* It m meter, a

GREEK MEDAL OF LORD BYRON.

THIS magnificent and truly classical bronze medallion*, which is published by Mr. Pickering, of Chancery Lane, is a memorial worthy of the distinguished poet whom it is intended to record, and cannot fail of being most gratifying to the admirers of the noble bard. The obverse presents a finely executed profile of his lordship, with merely the word Byron, in Greek characters. On the reverse is a laurel, on which the lightning is darting from a cloud, with the motto ΑΦΘΙΤΟΝ ΑΙΕΙ, or, Imperishable. And on the rim is a Greek inscription, signifying that it is dedicated by W. Pickering and W. Worthington, and designed by J. A. Stothard, 1824. The elegant simplicity and classical taste of this medal must recommend it to the admirers of the fine arts. Such a name as Byron's requires neither explanation nor panegyric, nor any epithet indicative of admiration to be attached to it; since, more durable in itself than bronze, it will be remembered long after every monument of him shall have perished. And we may add too, that so long as this beautiful specimen of his talents shall continue in existence, the name of the artist will be remembered with admiration. The execution of the head is exceedingly bold, and of very considerable relief. In short, this medal is a far nobler tribute to his lordship's memory than many of the literary memorials of him which have appeared since his death.

BRITISH GALLERY.—PRIZE PICTURES, &c. We learnt some time ago, that the governors of the British Gallery had, with a wise liberality, offered two prizes to those artists who should produce the best sketches of pictures representing the Battle of the Nile or the Battle of Trafalgar, it being the intention of that enlightened body to select from such sketches one to be hereafter painted and presented by them to Greenwich Hospital, in commemoration of the glorious battle it represents.

Although the subject properly belonged to marine painters, yet we find several artists not exactly such, have ventured into this field, or rather sea, of action, and prepared on a new element to contend for a new prize. It will be probably found, in this case at least, that the 'battle will be gained by the strong': we have been told, that no fewer than twenty-two candidates have entered the lists, but we have ourselves seen only five pictures; they were, however, so full of high promise, or high performance, that we feel as certain the award will fall on some one of them, as if it were already judged—we ought to say *two*, for there are to be two prizes.

Mr. Cartwright, well known as the masterly delineator of Corfu, has painted pictures of each of those subjects so admirably, that we are persuaded, if the committee were nautical men, the prize would be given to him without hesitation, for, in his unequalled iden-

* It measures two inches and a half in diameter, and weighs nearly five ounces.

city as a ship portrait-painter, and the grace, dignity, elegance, and action, he has given to these floating ministers of destruction, they would see so much to awaken heart and memory, that all lesser claims would be left behind. The advantages possessed by this gentleman, as being present in one of these awful scenes, and well acquainted with all the details of the other, enables him to appear as the historian of the day, in ten thousand little incidents which can be only estimated justly by those whose practised eyes and well-read minds are conversant with the endless variation of form produced by the working of these mighty machines in their hour of trial. To them every sail is filled with information, every cord forms a link recalling circumstances of deep anxiety, fearful expectation, or exulting hope;—they can 'fight the battle o'er again' on every deck, and see the 'commission posted on every ball'; and to them, therefore, no other representation, however richly fraught with pictorial excellence or imaginative power, can bear comparison—the beau ideal is here less powerful than the simple truth.

For splendour of colouring, a fine taste in choosing the most impressive moment in a most impressive scene—for adding the livid light, and the black horror of contrasting darkness, to the terrors of that hour when man is armed against his brother with the fierceness of elemental destruction,—Mr. Sharpe's battle of the Nile merits the highest praise, and will probably obtain the most general admiration. It represents the moment when the fire of l'Orient, blazing high in the mid heaven, cast over the waves its most luminous effects, and at the same time increased the density of that smoke which in mighty masses arose from various sources, and gave to the whole Bay of Aboukir a form resembling the interior of a rocky cavern. In praising the superior grandeur of this picture as a composition, we do not mean in the least to detract from its high finish and strict truth of delineation and perspective, any farther than to say, that yet the ships are not equal to those of Mr. Cartwright, which we conceive to be *sans pareil*.

Most sincerely do we wish that these gentlemen might be commissioned to paint a grand national picture together. The old masters frequently united different talents on the same canvass, and we know no good reasons why the moderns should not do the same. Indeed, we remember seeing in the Royal Academy, some years ago, a very beautiful landscape by Hofland adorned by Stothard's exquisite figures, and we sincerely wish the practice were generally adopted, especially in cases like the present. We can conceive no exertion of human skill more ennobling, or more interesting, than the united labours of many, could they be effectively called into action for any great national purpose resembling the one before us. Never could valour be more worthily crowned, than by the wreath of varied talent combining all its brightest hues to confer, and therefore share, immortal honour.

Mr. Wilson, the landscape-painter, always a clever and highly intellectual artist, is also

busy in finishing an excellent picture; and Mr. Daniel, as very experienced in marine subjects, is expected to claim much attention. Mr. Matthew Brown (a pupil of the late venerable president) has, in the representation of a single incident, the falling of a mast, displayed great knowledge of his subject, and much thinking and good drawing;—in short, we expect the public will receive great pleasure from many performances. There cannot fail to be a general impetus given to the public mind by these representations of days of glory and sorrow gone by, and, in these 'piping times of peace,' half forgotten.

Amongst those who are not candidates for this prize, we learn also that many works of merit are on the easel, especially among such as are members of the new society in Suffolk Street. This is as it should be. The object of the British Institution has been to encourage art in general through this country, and, of course, the more that principle is diffused, the more their patriotic intentions are fulfilled. If, however, any narrow views predominated in the new society,—if, ungrateful for benefits received or promised, they had forsaken the single source of emolument assigned them for so many years,—there would be reason to fear, that the general interests of art, as a national object, would have merged in the aggrandizement of a certain body. This is not the case. The Suffolk Street Society have hitherto justified our early views of them, and we have no fear of their continuing to do it; for 'the first steps are the most difficult,' as well with the man who enters a new path as him who has lost his head*.

Meyer has published a very clever print from the admired picture of the Fighting Boys, by Simpson: it is touched with his usual fidelity and spirit, but we wish it had been executed on a larger scale. We learn with pleasure that another number of the Coast Scenery will shortly appear: its merit is too well known to require comment from us.

THE DRAMA.

THERE has been no novelty during the week; indeed, the pantomimes draw good houses without any effort to produce other pieces: and on this account, although Miss Foote's re-appearance at Covent Garden Theatre has been announced for Tuesday, yet we believe she will not appear this fortnight or three weeks.

Colman's opera of *Inkle and Yarico* has been revived at Covent Garden Theatre, and the part of Yarico delightfully played by Miss M. Tree.

The success of the *Fatal Dowry*, at Drury Lane Theatre, has been arrested by the severe indisposition of Mr. Macready.

* This society have, lately, according to the general rule in such cases, sent a circular, by the twopenny post, informing artists of the time fixed for receiving their works, and among the rest to a Mr. Baker, whose name they only knew as being in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy; in consequence of which, Mr. Linton, the secretary, has received his letter returned,

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A WORK has recently appeared in Paris, under the title of *Scènes de la Nature sous les Tropiques, et de leur Influence sur la Poésie, par Ferdinand Denis*,—of which some of the French journals speak in high terms of approbation, as describing, in an animated manner, the scenery of the tropics, and the character of the inhabitants of those regions. The author conducts his readers through the vast forests of the new world, and communicates to them, in a vivid manner, the emotions caused by those sublime and gigantic solitudes. M. Denis writes with a l enthusiasm of a poet and a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature.

Government has resolved upon another expedition to Africa, to explore the course of the Niger. Captain Laing, who was at Sierra Leone under Sir C. McCarthy, who was killed by the Ashantees, is to be at the head of it, with a handsome salary. It is understood that he is to have two secretaries and sixteen men.

In a few days will be published, Mr. Bowles's Answer to Mr. Roscoe, relative to the Letters and Poetical Character of Pope.

French Academy.—In the sitting of the Academy of January 3, 1825, M. de Humboldt presented a bark, hitherto unknown, which may be employed in certain cases with great effect in medicine. It is said to possess virtues analogous to the Jesuit's bark, and to produce similar effects with a third part of the dose. M. de Humboldt proposes to analyse it.—M. de Pelletan made a communication on the galvanic phenomena which (according to M. Cloquet) accompanies acupuncture. The first trials gave him no results, but having repeated his experiments with a more delicate galvanometer, he established that some of the fluid was constantly disengaged from a needle, when plunged under any part of the human body suffering under pain. The quantity of the fluid is very small; perhaps, says M. Pelletan, it is not a hundredth part of what

and the following choice morceau of remonstrance from the said aggrieved Mr. Baker:

‘Mr. Linton is hereby informed, that it is no great proof of the liberality of the Society of British Artists, to send round their circular without the postage being paid: he is advised to alter the system, as picture-makers in general have very few twopences to spare to throw away upon such tom-foolery as a *second rate exhibition*.’

We must express a hope, that the secretary will add, if possible, to that acuteness of intellect and classical knowledge for which he is so distinguished, some information as to the character and attainments of the persons to whom he offers the power of exhibiting their works in the best light the metropolis affords, and not lavish it on those who despise *picture makers* and their patrons, so far as to conceive a sale of between three and four thousand pounds the work of a *second rate* exhibition and a piece of *tom-foolery*, and who, with all this magnificent contempt, not only grudges a paltry twopence, but betrays his ignorance of a custom warranted by the British Institution. Mr. Linton must amend this.

is discharged from a single element of a voltaic pile; but, however, very perceptible effects may be felt from it. It is sufficient for the purpose to put the needle, plunged into the tissues affected, in communication with the mouth, by means of a metallic lamina. M. Pelletan thinks, from the whole of the facts hitherto observed, that it results that the curative effects of acupuncture have no connection with the galvanism developed during the operation; and he finds this opinion on the fact, that the relief of the sufferers has appeared in no case proportional with the quantity of galvanic fluid disengaged; and, above all, on the fact that very marked effects may be obtained even with a needle terminated by a non-conducting body—for example, with a sealing-wax head. No sensible difference even could be discovered between the effects of these needles, and those so disposed as to draw off the electric fluid.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom.	1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 7	40	46	46	30 50	Cloudy.	
.... 8	35	44	36	.. 76	Fair.	
.... 9	36	42	40	.. 89	Cloudy.	
.... 10	40	40	36	.. 87	Do.	
.... 11	33	42	41	.. 72	Do.	
.... 12	31	40	39	.. 67	Do.	
.... 13	35	4	40	.. 50	Do.	

THE BEE,
OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Short Cuts to Learning.—Till lately, we thought that, in point of astonishing inventions and discoveries, the present age had far surpassed all preceding ones; especially in regard to the facility with which instruction is now communicated, when, if we may put any confidence in advertisements, a perfect knowledge of French may be acquired in two months, and when books are published that will teach the art of drawing, without the aid of a master. But what is this compared with the possibility of becoming a proficient in painting in three hours!! Should any one be so incredulous as to suppose that we are hoaxing him, we would refer him to a French work, published about the middle of the last century, entitled *Moyen de devenir Peintre, en trois Heures, et d'executer au Pinceau les Ouvrages des plus grands Maîtres, sans avoir appris le Dessin*. How are we degenerated even in the art of humbug!

East Indian Dandies—The boatmen who tow the pinnace used in excursions on the Ganges, in India, by a long line, when the wind fails, or turn the sails when it is favourable, are called *dandies*. They are, however, a very different race from the non-descripts of Europe of that name. ‘The dandies of India,’ Colonel Forrest says, in his Picturesque Tour along the Ganges and Jumna, ‘are a hardy race of beings, wear but little clothing, and, though exposed, in towing the boat, for the whole day, to a

burning sun, and frequently up to the middle in water, their heads are not only without any turban or covering, but literally shaven quite bare.

Mr. Monach, a writing-master in Glasgow, had a pupil called John Aird, to whom he once said, ‘John, you want but an L to be a laird.’ ‘And sure,’ replied the pupil, ‘you want but an R to make you a monarch.’ A better play on names, however, was the remark, that Mr. Haswell would be as well without the H.

IMPROPTU ON A LATE ACCIDENT.
Berkeley, it seems, has hurt his knee:
How very lame must he be found?
Since lately, all the world agree,
He gave his *Foot* a cureless wound.

THE PAIR OF RUFFLES.
Impromptu.

Good Mr. Ruffles had a wife,
The joy and comfort of his life;
A child she brought him ev'ry year,—
Whether it please'd him don't appear;
At last—to cure him of his sins—
The lady brought her husband *twins*!—
This made a bustle and a rout,
And how to name them was the doubt:
A neighbour, who was thought a wag,
And sometimes of his wit would brag,
Advis'd them thus,—his name was Snuffles,—
‘Christen your babes, a pair of *Ruffles*!—

J. M. L.

Genoa has sometimes been called the paradise of foreigners because the females are very handsome, and the men uncommonly ugly. The Genoese ladies have a gracefulness of figure, regular and expressive features, and superb eyes. Their dress is very uniform—generally white, with a long veil of white muslin, called a *mezzaro*, falling over their shoulders. The toilette of the foot is attended to with great taste, as the streets are paved with large smooth flags, and there is no such thing as muddy weather at Genoa.—*Hermit in Italy.*

The people of the Appenines welcome the return of spring, by making bonfires on the heights which surround the town. They are called *le fogliate*, or fires of the shepherds. The peasantry crowd round them, and roast chestnuts, of which they make a sort of paste, called *polenta*, and with this and *agnolotte*, and other choice dishes, they regale themselves, amidst dances and cries of joy, which are heard down to the valley of Bobbio. The higher classes also keep the first day of spring as a great holiday. They play at various sorts of amusements, and particularly that called *si rompe la pugnata*: a vase, containing a piece of gold, a pair of silk stockings, or any other article of dress, is placed in the corner of the room, and one of the party, his eyes covered, and a cane in his hand, aims a blow at it: if he hits the vase and breaks it, he gains the contents.

A Land-Storm.—During one of the tremendous storms which recently visited Edinburgh, some sailors were passing through James's Square, when a can from a chimney-top fell among them, but fortunately did no injury. One of them, in a truly characteristic manner, exclaimed, ‘My eye, Jack, here's a pretty rig! a service of danger this. It will

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Precedent

go d— hard with me before I'm found ashore again in a gale of wind !'

A Persian poet takes the following liberty with the fair sex:—‘ When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight, and wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, it is plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not: nor let them anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved.’

Maxims.—One way of being deceived, is to believe that we possess more knowledge than our neighbours.

Avarice is further from economy than liberality.

Although kings are above their subjects, they are not beyond the reach of their censure.

You may as well be idle as uselessly employed.

We should never blush at owning that we have been in fault, for it is equivalent to saying, ‘ I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday.’

The experience of all ages reads us this constant and terrible lesson against luxury—viz. that it causes the fall of empires.

Happiness does not always attend the virtuous, but it is never found with the vicious.

The world is full of people who are in the habit of comparing themselves with others, and deciding always to their own advantage.

The defects of the mind increase as we advance in years, in the same manner as the defects of the countenance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The concluding notice of Colonel Forrest's splendid work, *The Picturesque Tour along the Ganges and Jumna*, is deferred to our next, when we shall insert the Twenty-second Ramble of Asmodeus.

The favours of I. I. L., Imlah, and Cornelius, have been received.

F. J. O.'s ‘ New Revelations’ are indelicate. O fie!

The Literary Chronicle for the year 1824, price £1. 7s. 6d. in boards, may be obtained of any bookseller, in town or country.

To insure the regular service of our stamped edition, a few days' notice should be given to the newsmen who may be intended to supply it.

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